

The Pocahontas Times.

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"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

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The Pocahontas Times. HOEING CORN.

In an article republished in the Central Presbyterian, taken from the American Agriculturist, we find some interesting thoughts about hoeing corn that are hereby laid before the reader. Two reasons are usually given for cultivating the soil. One is to prevent weeds from growing, which causes a drain on the soil moisture. The other reason is to overcome a compact condition of the soil which is continually induced by gravity. This compactness of soil increases the effectiveness of the capillary force, drawing the moisture to the surface where it is evaporated and lost to the soil and no longer nourishes plant life.

While these two reasons go very far towards explaining the importance of cultivation,—hoeing and plowing,—still there is much of something else to be explained. The velocities, the direction, and the general nature of the capillary currents in the soil, the relation of these currents to plowing and hoeing, and the bearing of these currents on the aeration and general physiological work of the plant roots. These capillary currents run up and down as a general rule. When the surface is drying the capillary force draws the moisture up; but after a rain, when there is an excess of water in the surface soil, this seeps downward.

Now were it not for disturbing the roots of the growing plants the present system of plowing and hoeing might not be open to criticism or improvement, so it may be asked might not the present system be modified so as to affect the direction and increase the briskness of the capillary circulation. As corn is commonly cultivated the ground is stirred at intervals of from one week to eight or ten days. This operation violently upsets the working of the capillary currents in the moisture of the soil, as well as of the diffusion currents in the soil gases. Now if some method be devised by which the ground, by the same amount of work, could be stirred every second or third day in such a way that the capillary currents might be started afresh (but without any greater exposure of the moist earth to drought, and without causing any more injury to the roots,) this would in all probability be an advantage gained. Now this may be done by going over every third or every second row in the field at a time, taking the remaining one or two rows successively at intervals of two or three days, thus finishing each cultivation in the usual time. In this way the ground will be stirred just as much and just as effectively as at present row by row, but the activity of the currents in the moisture and in the gases of the soil will be revived three times instead of once. This ought to help the plant by adding to the available supply of plant life.

Woman.

"Woman's faith and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust,
Stamp them on the running steam,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I wean,
Than the thing those letters mean."

"I have strained the spider's thread
Against the promise of a maid;
I have weighed a grain of sand
Against the plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith prove light and her
word was broken,
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"July 18, 1896, our store, four dwelling houses and three barns were washed away by a flood. Soon after the community was visited by an epidemic of bloody flux. In a short time we sold ten dozen of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in every case where it was used the results were all that could be desired; in fact our physicians admitted that it would do more toward bringing about a cure of flux than they could do."—BUSH & KNISLEY, Auburn, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1896. For sale by Rickett's & Co., Marlinton; Amos Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow & Moore, Edray; and E. H. Moore & Co., Academy.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

JOHN JORDAN, the ancestor of the relationship of that name in lower Pocahontas, was a very worthy native of Ireland. By occupation he was a tailor, and when he once met a fellow member of the craft after a prolonged separation his friend was very demonstrative in the pleasure the meeting afforded him. In his joyful exhilaration as a special manifestation of his delight he struck his friend Jordan on the back of his hand with a side blow of his own. This friendly lick was so powerful as to inflict a bruise so serious in its effects as to necessitate amputation of the arm just below the elbow. Nevertheless, he learned to use a hoe or an axe to a good purpose in after life.

Mr Jordan came to this region as a traveling merchant, dealing in Irish linens and other portable merchandise. He was a "hard money" man in his financial preferences, and converted all paper money he received into silver and gold. Miss Miriam McNeel, daughter of John McNeel, the Levels pioneer, found out in some way that the young merchant had about a half-bushel of coin, and it seemed to occur to her mind that if a person disabled as he was could make that much money he could certainly take good care of her. To the surprise of her friends that a nice sensible girl as she was should fancy a cripple, she did not discourage the attentions of the bustling young Irishman, and they were happily married.

At that period in our local history a young man's recommendation was his ability to clear land, split rails, and grub; but to marry a cripple in store-clothes was not to be thought of.

After their marriage Mr Jordan continued to prosper in making a living, and purchased some servants to wait on the girl that had made such a surprising venture as to marry him. He settled on the Mill Stone Run, between Hillsboro and Locust, opening up a property now in possession of Isaac McNeel, Esq., whose wife, Miriam Nannie Beard, is a grand-daughter of the pioneer merchant.

There were five sons and three daughters, John, Jonathan, Isaac, Abram, Franklin, Jane, Nancy, and Martha.

John Jordan, junior, married Martha Burnsides, on the Greenbrier in view of the homestead, and settled near Hillsboro, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Their children were Christopher, Jonathan, Mary, Miriam, Nancy, and Jimena. Christopher married Elizabeth Wallace, daughter of the late Benjamin Wallace, of Bath County, but long a resident of Pocahontas. Jonathan married Lucinda, daughter of the late James Sharp, Esq., on Beaver Creek. He was a Confederate soldier and died at home while on furlough from the army. Miriam married Aaron Hill and settled on Hill's Creek. Nancy became Mrs George Hill, and died a few years since at Falling Spring, Greenbrier County. Jimena was married to Captain Samuel Gilmore, of Highland County, Virginia, where she now resides.

Jonathan Jordan, son of the pioneer, first married Elizabeth Callison, daughter of Anthony Callison, at Locust. She was a sister of Mrs Julia Poage, near Clover Lick. Her twin sons, John and Anthony, died young. Jonathan's second wife was Rebecca Edmiston, daughter of the late William Edmiston, near Hillsboro. Jonathan settled on Dry Run, now in possession of Sherman Clark, Esq. The children of the second marriage were Elizabeth, Rebecca, Miriam, William, and James.

Isaac Jordan, another son of the pioneer, married Mary Callison, daughter of James Callison, on Trunk Run, near Locust, and settled just west of Hillsboro at the spring now owned by J. K. Bright. He afterwards moved to Davis County, Missouri. Isaac Jordan's second marriage was with the widow of Captain William Renick, Lafayette County, Missouri. He became a prominent citizen in his adopted State, was commissioner of the revenue and justice of the peace. His daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs Samuel Beard, son of the late Josiah Beard Esq., of Locust, and he resides in Missouri at this time.

Abram Jordan married Jane Edmiston, daughter of the late Andrew Edmiston, near Locust. She was a sister of the distinguished judge Mathew Edmiston, of West Virginia. Abram lived a few years on the old Jordan Homestead, then moved to Davies County, Missouri; afterwards to Saline County, Missouri. Nancy and Lydia were his daughters. Nancy became Mrs Faulkner, and Lydia was married to William Renick, from Greenbrier County. Mr Renick was an extensive dealer in live stock, and was partner in trade with Colonel Levi Gay, during his sojourn in Missouri.

Franklin Jordan, of the pioneer, married Martha Edmiston, daughter of Andrew Edmiston, and went to Missouri. After her decease he married Mrs Ballenger, from Ashland, Kentucky.

Jane Jordan, eldest daughter of the pioneer, was married to the late Major William Blair and lived near Hillsboro. Her sons were Morgan, Claiborne, Doctor Franklin, Colbert, and John who died during the war. Morgan Blair married Ann Gay, daughter of George Gay, and settled in Iowa. Claiborne Blair married Lavinia Bruffey, daughter of Mr and Mrs John Bruffey, and went west.

Mrs Jane Blair's daughters were Frankie Blair, who was married to the late Isaac Clutter, and lived on the Briar Knob, head of Hill's Creek. Miriam Blair was married to William Hill, son of Isaac Hill of Richard Hill, the famous pioneer and scout, and settled in Iowa. Elizabeth Blair became Mrs John G. Beard, and lives on the Blair homestead, near Hillsboro. Martha Blair was first married to Peter Clark, and after his decease she became Mrs Abram Beard and lived in Renick's Valley, where she died not long since.

Nancy Jordan, the second of pioneer Jordan's daughters, was first married to Isaac Callison, of James Callison, on Trunk Run, and went west. Her son, James B. Callison, lives at Jamesport, Missouri. Her daughter, Miriam, was married to William Walkup, from Greenbrier County, and lived in Missouri, where she died. Mrs Walkup's son is a promising minister in the pale of the Presbyterian church. Mrs Nancy Callison's second marriage was with the late George Edmiston, near Locust, lived several years on the old Andrew Edmiston homestead, and finally went to Missouri.

Martha Jordan, the youngest of the Jordan sisters, was married to the late Joseph Beard, Esq., of Hillsboro. For several years they lived on Spring Creek in upper Greenbrier, and then resided at Hillsboro. Her son, John Jordan Beard, married Minerva Edmiston, daughter of the late James Edmiston, Esq., near Mill Point. Their daughter Mollie became Mrs C. F. Moore. Harry Beard, one of their sons, is a physician in Lewisburg, and J. Fred Beard resides with his parents at Huntersville.

Lieut. J. J. Beard was a gallant Confederate officer. He was severely wounded and greatly disabled by wounds received in battle in the lower valley. He served for two terms as clerk of both the circuit and county courts of Pocahontas. He has resided at Huntersville for the past eighteen or twenty years.

Margaret Jane Beard, her eldest daughter, was married to Capt in William L. McNeel, near Hillsboro. Mrs George Callison, Mrs J. Thrasher, Misses Mary, Pauline, and Maggie McNeel are her daughters. Joseph McNeel and Henry McNeel, residing near Hillsboro, are her sons.

Miriam Nancy, Mrs Martha Beard's youngest daughter, was married to Isaac McNeel, Esq., at Mill Point, where they now dwell. Their son, Thomas Summers, has just graduated in law at the University of Virginia. Harvey Walters has just graduated in medi-

cine at the same place. Lanty McNeel is at home and Mary Gold, their only daughter.

Mrs Martha Beard is yet living over eighty years of age, (1897), and makes her home with her grandson, Joseph McNeel, near Hillsboro. A few weeks since she was greatly disabled by a fall that has perhaps disabled her from walking for the remainder of her life. Her many attached friends and relatives sympathize with her very sincerely, hoping and praying she may be spared to them.

Thus far we have been able to record something in memory of a very worthy and rather remarkable person. If our readers have derived any pleasure from this sketch their thanks are largely due James McCollam and Mrs Nancy Callison, of Locust, upon whose retentive memories the writer has drawn for most of the particulars here given.

John Jordan, the pioneer, was one of the original ruling elders of the Oak Grove Presbyterian church. His house was open to Methodist and Presbyterian ministers without any apparent discrimination, and for years was one of the main preaching places for Methodist ministers. He donated the site for the Methodist church near his residence. This church was destroyed by fire, under suspicious circumstances, about sixty years ago. In its time this was the most comfortable building of the kind in Pocahontas County in possession of that sect. In his death Mr Jordan was greatly mourned, for so many felt they had been bereaved of a true and useful friend. The poorer people seem to have been especially grieved. He was buried near the ruins of the millstone Run Church, and his grave seems to have been nicely cared for. A neatly carved stone (the handiwork of the late John Bruffey) marks the place where a good man rests in hope. His life's duty is done, and with tears of genuine affection he was tenderly laid here under the trees, planted by the unseen hand of the God he served. W. T. P.

THE LINWOOD FISHING PARTY.

A fishing party composed of C. W. Showalter, J. H. Shanker, E. S. W. B. and A. W. Gatewood, J. S. Varner, Grant Higgins, J. H. Giltson, G. P. Beverage and Dr. J. H. Lynch left this place on the 22nd for a week's fish on Gauley River. After a half-day's hard walk we reached the Sharp Camp, but, finding the fishing not good near that camp, we concluded to extend our trip on to Camp Cogar, a distance about eight miles thro' the mountains. On reaching it, we went into camp for the night. After a few moments rest, the veteran cook, Charles Showalter, proceeded to prepare supper for the party, while Dr Lynch administered a few doses of Lynch's "Golden Medical Discovery" to those of the party who were very much fatigued by the hard days journey, and which seemed to have the desired effect, inasmuch as it gave each of the convalescents a ravenous appetite, such as only a fisherman can have. In the twinkling of an eye, and before the cook could remonstrate, the supper of hardtack and mountain trout had totally disappeared from the eyes of man, whereupon Dr Lynch declared that such a course was in direct opposition to the long and well established laws of digestion. The doctor's opinion, however, being over ruled, we lighted our pipes and prepared to listen to the "wild and woolly" anecdotes told by members of the party who had been there before, where the cry of panther and the howl of the wolf was the only food for the ears of man.

After listening to the recital of the hair-breadth escapes of Dr Lynch, and some of Cook Showalter's "record breakers," we turned to enjoy, what proved to be, an undisturbed night's repose, such as cannot be indulged in outside of the mountain fastnesses, surrounded by the wilds of nature and the fresh, invigorating, mountain air of unquestioned pureness.

We awoke with refreshed nerves,

How Old are You?

It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age upon a woman's beauty so deeply, as gray hair. The hair loses its color generally from lack of nutrition. If you nourish the hair, the original color will come back. That is the way that the normal color of the hair is restored by

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empty stomachs and a determination to conquer some of Cook Showalter's "hard to tackle" grub, which, had it not been for the ever ready Dr Lynch, the medical factotum, might have cost the lives of the whole party.

After being duly recuperated by an administration of Lynch's "Compound Cow-pumpkin Pills," the party set out for the unrivaled fishing district of Gauley, where you only bait your hook and jerk 'em out like lightning. Arriving at the river we proceeded to fish down stream to the lively tune of "Fisher's Hornpipe," which was nobly rendered by and from the musical recesses of Johnny Varner. As the day and cloudless sky were most suitable for the sport, the day's fishing was a howling success, the river having been followed to what is known as the Three Forks or 'Junction Box' of the Gauley. The catch numbered between six and seven hundred of the finest specimens of mountain trout.

The only mishap that befell the party during the day was the unwarranted catch made by Grant Higgins, in which he was the unenviable hero. Thereby hangs a tale: While fishing in deep water, Grant, unfortunately, in amateur fashion, jerked the hook too hard and too soon, being of the button hook pattern; it fastened itself—no man knew where—searching for the seat of trouble, they found the hook firmly anchored in the seat of Grant's breeches, upon which a surgical operation had to be performed by the worthy Dr Lynch, which, it is unnecessary to say delivered Grant from the "hooks and crooks" of Gauley.

After this heart rending accident above described, we returned to camp, where supper was quickly prepared from the fine catch and as quickly devoured by the hungry crowd of Linwood sports.

The night was being pleasantly spent in old encounters 'lived o'er' when suddenly to the despair of all the unearthly cry of the panther—which resembles the cry of a young child—was heard. He was quickly located—subject to optical delusion—in a laurel thicket not far from camp. Armed with penknives popguns we sallied out to give battle, but were recalled by Eugene Gatewood and Johnny Varner who soon convinced us of the uselessness of giving battle with such a beast with such arms as we possessed. We soon turned in and next turned out, feeling very much refreshed. The panther scare had given us a shock as lasting and as beneficial as that of a galvanic battery. This same panther was seen by a Pennsylvania hunter last fall.

A part of the day was spent peacefully fishing on the Gauley, which at this point is a stream of considerable size. The weather being just right we made a catch of nearly five hundred. After which, bidding old Gauley an affectionate good bye, we turned our faces homeward, where we arrived safely, fortunately none the worse for the wear and tear.

That the anniversary of this trip may be celebrated in each succeeding year by each succeeding generation thro' all the years to come is the burden of our hopes.

LINWOOD SPORTS.

SPEAKER REED is determined to maintain his reputation as a humorist. He is the author of a magazine article on "How the House does Business."—New York Journal.

ESSAY ON "THE HOME."

This is one of the most beautiful of words. How many pleasant thoughts it suggests! Tender memories of father, mother, sister, brother,—all that are near and dear in life cluster around this word. Webster defines home as a dwelling place; it should be something more, an earthly paradise, where we are always sure of finding sympathy be our troubles what they may.

It requires not wealth to make a model home; a few good books and periodicals, a few pretty pictures that everyone likes to see, and flowers and music help to make home really attractive. Above all let there be kind words and loving deeds, charity for each others faults and praises for their virtues. What a contrast such a home presents to that where vice and ignorance prevail, where there are perpetual faultfindings, scolding, ear-boxing and hair-pulling. It is said that the home influence shapes the destiny of the child. The word "home" sounds dear to us all, be it a mansion or a cabin among the mountains. Others may have finer houses and costlier furniture, they may fare sumptuously from dishes of silver and gold, but they are not to be compared with our own dear home.

A young man who has gone to seek his fortune in the world wanders far from home, at last grows weary, and like the prodigal says, "I will arise and go to my father." He returns to the old homestead, but the place is going to ruin, the fences are all down, the paths are overgrown with grass, and the beautiful flower-garden that his mother loved so well is now overrun with weeds and brambles. The father and mother, weary of watching and waiting, are now in their lowly silent graves, and the forms that he cherished are mouldering back to dust. Only the lettered stones now tell where they repose.

He is alone in the dear old home that was once so full of life, ringing with the laughter of merry girls and boys; but ah, where are those boys and girls now! Some are at rest in the churchyard forever that used to meet around this dear home-tree, while the living may be far away. As he stands looking at the familiar scenes around him a picture rises before his eyes and he sees his home as he saw it last, and himself again with father, mother, sister, and brother gathered around the fire-side. There sits his mother in the old armchair with a smile on her beautiful face and her knitting in her hand. Opposite is his father (with his hair just beginning to streak with gray) reading the evening paper. Mary is playing a melody on the cottage organ while they all join in the beautiful chorus of "Home Sweet Home." The sweet music at last dies away, and he awakes from his memory dream saying, "I have learned too late that there is no place like home."

M. ETHEL SHARP, (14 years), MILL POINT, W. VA.

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